

WASHINGTON LOST BY 5 INCHES, NOT BY 3 TO 4, NEW ARGUES

Postmaster General Gives
Analysis of Baseball
Game Opening Series.

GIVES CREDIT TO NEHF,
BOY FROM THE WABASH

His Pitching Great Factor
in Giants' Victory, He
Declares.

By HARRY NEW.

Postmaster General of the United States.

The official scorer said that Washington and Walter Johnson lost the game by 4 to 3. If my old reportorial instinct and eye for distance synchronize properly, I would say they lost it by 5 inches, for if the smashing drive that Walter hit over Frisch's head in the seventh inning had been that much higher it would have been beyond the fielder's reach, at least 1 run would have scored and the game ended in 9 innings, 3 to 2 in Washington's favor. As it was, Frisch went into the air for the ball and landed with it in his hands, making one of the most hair-raising plays with which the game abounded. It was a hard game for Walter to lose.

To strike out 12 men, and such men as those hard-hitting Giants, and to keep his hits scattered as the Big Train did is good enough to win most games.

But, at that, Nehf outpitched him. As a rooster for Washington the chief consolation I got out of the home club's defeat was that a fellow Hoosier did the trick; for, forget not—nay, forget not—but let it be here written down, that Art Nehf comes from "Terry Hut," "on the banks of the Wabash." Why didn't the band play that instead of "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," for the Kellys and that there was no not time possible.

But it was a great game, worthy of the big leagues and of the best tradition. Yes, it's the same old game it was back in the days when Ban Johnson and I were writing sports for the Cincinnati Enquirer and the Indianapolis Journal, respectively, when Ban chronicled the accomplishments of Bid McPhee and Hick Carpenter and this Cincinnati compatriots and I put upon the printed page the doings of the wily Nolan, Silver, and Billy Sunday, Ed Williamson and the others of their day. True, the rules have been changed, and as I recall the picture of Jack Glasscock scooping up a handful of sand and grit and throwing it into the eyes of Mike Kelly as that first \$10,000 beauty rounded second base so blinding him that he had to be led the rest of the way around, I am forced to admit that the etiquette of the game has changed some, too, but it's still the best outdoor game that is played, and today's contest was one of the best that I have seen for years.

"One-Eyed" Connolly
A Crashless Vendor

"One-eyed" Connolly worked a new role to get in today. The presence of 10 or 11 stern officers of the law at every gate scared the champion gate-crasher to such an extent that he got a job selling programs and veiled his way through the turnstiles by this means.

Shifters Help Other
Idlers to See Game

Apparently every employee of the park could get a couple of friends inside as helpers so they could see the game did it. It took four men to fasten down the bag at second base. One man did all the work. One shuffling boy carried a broom for him, another a pair of gloves which were never used and the third came along to help the latter two.

Radio Broadcasts
Game to Golfers

Three radio horns at the Rock Creek park public golf course, yesterday kept the players informed on the progress of the baseball game and will also be in use today.

THOUSANDS ARE TURNED
AWAY AT SEAT SALES

1,600 of 8,000 Fans in Line
Gain Admission to
Ball Park.

By SHIRLEY L. POVICH.

Besieging the gates of the ball park after an all-night encampment, some 1,600 of the 8,000 fans clamoring for bleacher seats yesterday gained admittance while 2,500 standing space seekers were rewarded for their vigil, and 5,000 others turned away as a sell out was declared.

The long lines of the night were increased as dawn drew near. Shivering in the cool night air, the ticket seekers were further discomforted by the early morning fog which dampened them to the skin. By 7 o'clock a quadrangular line embracing eight blocks was being kept in order by police and firemen and by 9 when the gates were flung open the end was not yet in sight.

Every bleacher seat was filled in an hour's time, and the fans prepared to spend four tedious hours waiting for the game to start. Those still outside the enclosure failed to grasp the meaning of the situation when the gates were closed, and did not disperse for hours. A 12-year-old boy was the first victim of the shutdown, and he was with hung head that he finally yielded away.

Ticket scalpers were supplanted by space occupiers who sold their positions in the line to late comers. During the night these spaces sold for a dollar or two but in the morning they were netting anywhere from five to ten dollars with plenty of buyers.

Box Seats for Sale.

One fan bargaining for a position injected a little irony into the incident. The seller was demanding \$8 for his place. "I'll give you a nickel for it now," replied the prospective purchaser, as he noticed that the gates were closed.

The police and firemen detailed to handle the crowd had difficulty in dispersing it. The fans were reluctant to leave but saw a more humorous side of the situation when one cop remarked: "Either beat it or do a 'One-Eye' Connolly."

Conditions at the standing space gate were virtually the same. These fans, however, had a longer wait in the line than those who had open until 1:45. Fifteen minutes before game time. Those who were disappointed in the try for bleacher tickets promptly joined this line, but fared no better as the ticket supply was exhausted with a three-block line still waiting.

Corporal punishment would have been in order had the fans known that even up to the start of game time two box seat tickets were unsold. But this was a fact. The park management absolutely got stuck on these two tickets, despite the clamor for seats and no one appears able to account for the situation.

THRILLING PLAYS IN THE FIRST GAME OF THE SERIES



THOUSANDS ARE TURNED AWAY AT SEAT SALES

1,600 of 8,000 Fans in Line
Gain Admission to
Ball Park.

By SHIRLEY L. POVICH.

Besieging the gates of the ball park after an all-night encampment, some 1,600 of the 8,000 fans clamoring for bleacher seats yesterday gained admittance while 2,500 standing space seekers were rewarded for their vigil, and 5,000 others turned away as a sell out was declared.

The long lines of the night were increased as dawn drew near. Shivering in the cool night air, the ticket seekers were further discomforted by the early morning fog which dampened them to the skin. By 7 o'clock a quadrangular line embracing eight blocks was being kept in order by police and firemen and by 9 when the gates were flung open the end was not yet in sight.

Every bleacher seat was filled in an hour's time, and the fans prepared to spend four tedious hours waiting for the game to start. Those still outside the enclosure failed to grasp the meaning of the situation when the gates were closed, and did not disperse for hours. A 12-year-old boy was the first victim of the shutdown, and he was with hung head that he finally yielded away.

Ticket scalpers were supplanted by space occupiers who sold their positions in the line to late comers. During the night these spaces sold for a dollar or two but in the morning they were netting anywhere from five to ten dollars with plenty of buyers.

Box Seats for Sale.

One fan bargaining for a position injected a little irony into the incident. The seller was demanding \$8 for his place. "I'll give you a nickel for it now," replied the prospective purchaser, as he noticed that the gates were closed.

The police and firemen detailed to handle the crowd had difficulty in dispersing it. The fans were reluctant to leave but saw a more humorous side of the situation when one cop remarked: "Either beat it or do a 'One-Eye' Connolly."

Conditions at the standing space gate were virtually the same. These fans, however, had a longer wait in the line than those who had open until 1:45. Fifteen minutes before game time. Those who were disappointed in the try for bleacher tickets promptly joined this line, but fared no better as the ticket supply was exhausted with a three-block line still waiting.

Corporal punishment would have been in order had the fans known that even up to the start of game time two box seat tickets were unsold. But this was a fact. The park management absolutely got stuck on these two tickets, despite the clamor for seats and no one appears able to account for the situation.

THOUSANDS ARE TURNED
AWAY AT SEAT SALES

1,600 of 8,000 Fans in Line
Gain Admission to
Ball Park.

By SHIRLEY L. POVICH.

Besieging the gates of the ball park after an all-night encampment, some 1,600 of the 8,000 fans clamoring for bleacher seats yesterday gained admittance while 2,500 standing space seekers were rewarded for their vigil, and 5,000 others turned away as a sell out was declared.

The long lines of the night were increased as dawn drew near. Shivering in the cool night air, the ticket seekers were further discomforted by the early morning fog which dampened them to the skin. By 7 o'clock a quadrangular line embracing eight blocks was being kept in order by police and firemen and by 9 when the gates were flung open the end was not yet in sight.

JOHNSON DESERVED TO WIN, HARRIS SAYS

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

seen these plays, the spectator knows he has witnessed a baseball game.

Double Play is Praised.

There was a double play that dazzled the fans, the time when Bluege slammed the ball to me at second, a relay to Judge doing away with Wilson and Jackson. Bluege proved his mettle there, and I doubt if the Giants' infield could have worked faster. In fact, we had a perfect day around the bases, the only serious upsets being out in the open spaces. Yet, the outfield covered itself with glory if we recall only the wonderful peg to the plate made by Rice when he cut off a runner at home.

There will be those who wonder why Rice tried to stretch his hit into a double, and got caught, thus preventing us from scoring what seemed to be almost a sure run. I was on third at the time. The ball was fumbled in the outfield, and Sam Rice, a fast runner, thought he could make the grade. That was good baseball.

To explain: The ball had been fumbled. It usually causes an outfielder to hustle in picking up a ball he has booted. The benefits to be derived from a base runner's taking a chance on such fumbles is what made Ty Cobb a great player. Time has proved this, and Rice's speed on the bases compares as closely to that of Cobb's as anyone I can pick in any league. Something, who replaced Kelly in center field, is the man who made the miraculous throw—I can call it nothing else—that put Sam Rice out of the running. Southworth's peg, after a fumble, took the glory away from Rice. To retrieve him, Rice made the throw that remarkable throw to the plate cutting off Wilson, after Nehf's drive to right.

Close Decision on Last Play.

It was the last play of the game, however, that really put us out of the running. That decided fate. And if ever there was a close shave, this was it. Really, the play could have been called either way. We were unfortunate that it was not in our favor instead of against us. At the time I was on third, with what looked like the winning run. Gossin sent a slow ball down toward second. Kelly, who had relieved Frisch, gathered it in and shot it to first. Umpire Klem called Gossin out, but it looked to me as if the runner had the benefit of the doubt, and I told the umpire so. My great desire to win the first game of the series probably prompted me to go a little too far with Umpire Klem, but whatever I said was in the fever of the moment. Ball players make mistakes; so do umpires. And for that reason the high commissioner of baseball, Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, should give due consideration for what happens in the heat of battle—all of which is generally forgotten by the time the next game starts.

There's not much more to be said. Lady Luck just wasn't sitting on our bench, as will be borne out by a review of the tenth inning. With myself on second and Rice on first, balls that both Gossin and Judge hit down the right field line went foul only by inches. If either of these two wallows had been fair, the game was ours; but, of course, they went foul—so that's that. It only goes to show that, after all, the breaks go very important in the game; but they just weren't with us. So we'll have to make 'em come our way tomorrow.

My hat is off to Walter Johnson. Ordinarily, he should have won. Yet, the hard game he had just about put him in prime condition, so that he should be even better the next time he starts out. Tomorrow, I am going to work Zachary. If Zach shows the stuff he is capable of, we'll put on another great battle. And this time we should come out on top. Far from being discouraged by our first showing in a world's series, I still think we'll win it. At any rate, the Griffins are here to make the series worth while.

Loss of Game Was Hard, But "Luck" at Bat Did It, Says Mrs. Walter Johnson

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

there were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

President Coolidge threw out the starting ball. By him sat Mrs. Coolidge, in a short-sleeved, white silk dress, "keeping cool" with her husband. How I, racked with anxiety, envied her that coolness! Today's score proves me wrong as to prophecy in the first game, but I still hold to my forecast that Washington will win the series.

There were as many Republicans as Democrats in the gathering, all were democratic in the sense of sport democracy. Boss and office boy, railroad president and track worker, President of the United States and the plainest citizen—to a degree were all on a basis of equality as fans.

Police and Firemen At Game in Force

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

It seemed the entire personnel of the police and fire departments was at the game. Whether all present were on duty or whether a goodly portion of them paid to get in could not be ascertained, but judging from the number present, some of them must have paid. If it were not for the fact that everybody in Washington knew that the game was between the Nationals and the Giants one might have been deceived into believing, judging from the number of firemen and bluecoats present, that it was the annual tilt between the teams of the police and fire departments.

Undoubtedly some of the uniformed policemen and firemen paid to pass through the turnstiles, but headquarters detectives were passed through the press gate by merely flashing their badges. It is a safe bet that most of the 45 men stationed at headquarters saw at least part of the game.

"It looks like every detective in Washington is here," said a police reporter who knows the sleuths, even in their disguises.

"Not all," said Inspector Clifford L. Grant, chief of detectives. "But there are a good many here," he added, with a twinkle.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Police and Firemen At Game in Force

CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.

It seemed the entire personnel of the police and fire departments was at the game. Whether all present were on duty or whether a goodly portion of them paid to get in could not be ascertained, but judging from the number present, some of them must have paid. If it were not for the fact that everybody in Washington knew that the game was between the Nationals and the Giants one might have been deceived into believing, judging from the number of firemen and bluecoats present, that it was the annual tilt between the teams of the police and fire departments.

Undoubtedly some of the uniformed policemen and firemen paid to pass through the turnstiles, but headquarters detectives were passed through the press gate by merely flashing their badges. It is a safe bet that most of the 45 men stationed at headquarters saw at least part of the game.

"It looks like every detective in Washington is here," said a police reporter who knows the sleuths, even in their disguises.

"Not all," said Inspector Clifford L. Grant, chief of detectives. "But there are a good many here," he added, with a twinkle.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band. "Tom" Connolly, one of the umpires, snagged the sphere with one hand and the game was soon on.

Arriving at the ball park after a hurried lunch, just in time to officially to open the game, Mr. Coolidge was greeted by Manager Harris, of the Washington club. The two teams were lined up in front of the Presidential box as the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner." Immediately after Manager Harris handed the President a baseball which he tossed over the heads of the band.